



PS 3537  
.A618/63  
1900z

Title

Imprint

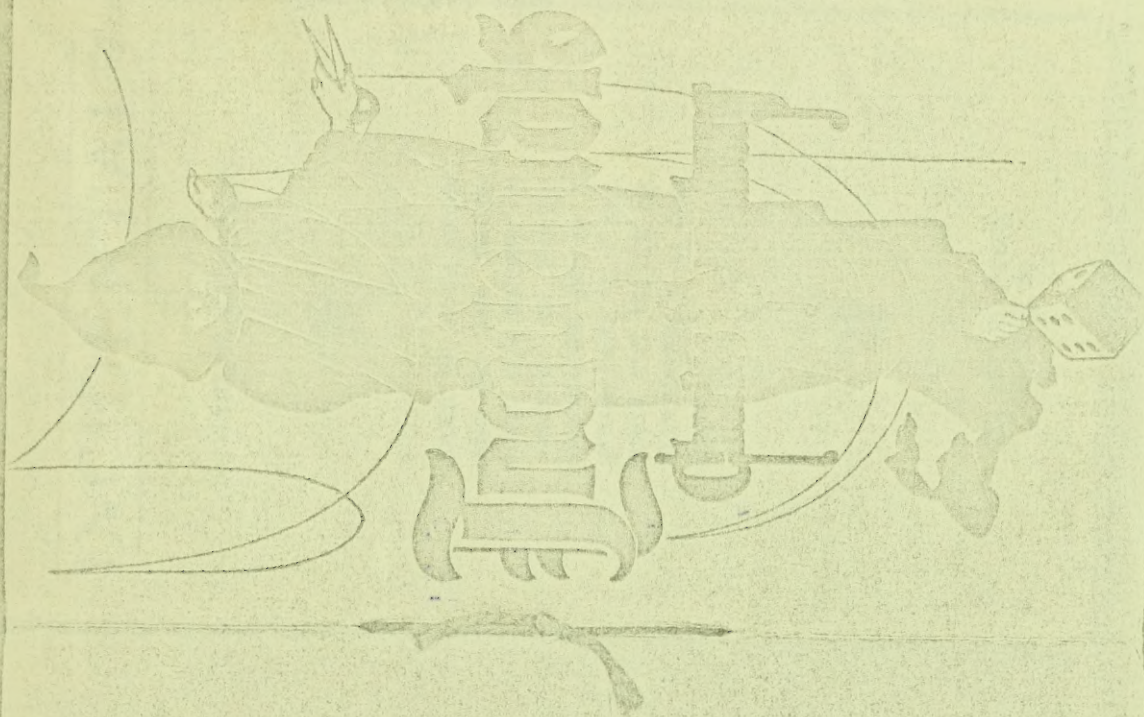
10-47372-2 GPO

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00017783889







We feel and see a  
thing before we stud-  
y it and explain it.  
Vision precedes anal-  
ysis. That is why  
poets are as impor-  
tant as scientists.

JD JD JD

Yesterday is gone.  
Tomorrow never  
comes. Today is  
here. If you don't  
know what to do, sit  
still and listen. You  
may hear something.  
Nobody knows.

*Sandburg, Carl*

# INCIDENTALS

CHARLES SANDBURG



TAKE UP YOUR CROSS  
AND GO THE THORN  
WAY. IF A SPONGE OF  
VINEGAR IS PASSED  
YOU ON THE END OF A  
SPEAR, TAKE THAT TOO.  
SOULS ARE WOVEN OF  
ENDURANCE. ♪ ♪ GOD  
KNOWS.

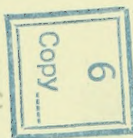


THE ASGARD PRESS:  
GALESBURG, ILL.

*C19--7*

PS 3537  
A618 I63  
19008

2503K  
8 Ja 68



158/38\*

# Apologia.



*I* may be I will some day look back on these incidentals as youthful impertinences. I have not yet rounded into thirty and many years remain in which the bacilli of repentance may get at work.

But this consolatory fact I have: The moving finger has written, I have said what I wanted to say of what I thought was the highest and happiest in me. Anybody can be a shrouded Sphinx of silence, but to get anywhere in art or business or science, you have to experiment and be willing to shake hands with a mistake once a week. Failure and success wear the same face to one thoroughly alive, and I may say with Heinrich Heine, "Red life flows in my veins. I could eat all the elephants in Hindustan and pick my teeth with the spires of Strassburg cathedral."



*Life is more vast and strange than anything written about it—words are only incidentals.*



*The front cover design is by Alton Packard, platform cartoonist extraordinary. He*

AS DISASTERS ARE SUD-  
DEN, TRIUMPHS ARE UN-  
EXPECTED. THE SPIRIT  
OF VICTORY IS AS RAPID  
AS THE GENIUS OF RUIN.  
TO GET UP AND GO ON  
WHEN YOU'RE KNOCK-  
ED DOWN IS TO GET  
SOMEWHERE.



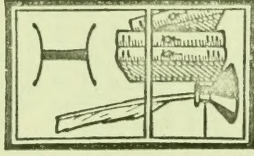
says, says he, "Here is our oldest, surest and kindest friend, my Lady Atropos, the gracious Fate who clips life's slender cord when it is long enough. See, life's thread is here gaily festooned about, hanging to "Incidentals", as 'twere—Fate catches it up, gives the dice a kick and relentlessly watches results. Nothing but a two spot—click—life is severed—next!"

FAILURE, AS THE WORLD  
SEES IT, AND DISGRACE  
AND DEFEAT O LORD  
WE CAN ENDURE, BUT  
RENEW IN US ALWAYS  
THE CHILD HEART, A-  
LIVE WITH THE HOPE  
AND ROMANCE OF EN-  
DEAVOR.

# Incidentals.



## Credo.



BELIEVE in the divinity of man's intentions. I believe every man and woman wants to do the right thing. I believe man is greater than anything he has made, that above railroad, shop or bank or church, sit the labor and brain and soul of man. I believe in the right of a child to nourishing food and play and sleep. I believe in a man getting all that he earns. I believe the earth and all the pearls of the sea and the fruits and grains and flowers of all prairies and valleys, are for man. I believe there is no freedom without responsibility, and that liberty is for all who can take what belongs to them.

I believe there is enough happiness to go around and each can get what is needed without interfering with others. I believe sincerity and romance and power are alive on the earth to-day as ever. I believe that in tears and grief and folly we get what is coming to us. I believe I will get mine. I believe what is yours will come to you.

## The Idealist.

I have been up and down civilization and seen it from many sides. I have mixed in the



roar and hurly-burly of it and I have stood off in the wilderness and viewed it from afar. I have seen human life in its highest contrasts of mansion and slum and its farthest extremes of magnificence and destitution. I have seen people sit in voluptuous, exquisite ease, withering for something to do, and I have seen people sweat and grunt from the dusk of morning till the dusk of night, crass and stupid and brutally strong. I have been where babies crawled over dirty floors and mothers cooked and sewed and washed day after day in a blank hopelessness. I have dined in softly lighted rooms where lackeys footed silently and wondrous music murmured from dim corners. I have seen vice and crime and mad impulse to sudden action.

I have learned there is no lust or perversion that human imagination can conceive but has been practiced by men and women. Neither history nor newspapers surprise me any more. Out of the turmoils of daily life I expect anything.

In the world of business, I have seen treacheries and meannesses and dastardly back-stabbings I would not believe unless I had seen them. In the world of pleasure, I have seen shames and desecrations of body and soul that made me reel and stand aghast. I had to stop and get a hold on myself.

And yet — I am an idealist. The Parisian cynic says, "I believe in nothing. I am looking for clues." My statement would be: I believe in everything — I am only looking for proofs!

I am an idealist. I can see humanity blundering on toward some splendid goal. I do not look on the liquor when it is incarnadine, yet I can see things that are beyond me to describe.

The sun shines, the birds sing, the morning breezes blow, evening shadows gather and night unshackles the light of the stars and strews the vast abyss with moving, glittering worlds. I do not understand this. The blackness of night fades into the gray of dawn and out of purple and gold and crimson, the sun rises to throw its prodigal treasures over a world waking from sleep. I do not explain this. I only know that I am a part of it all and it is all good.

The hopes of youth have been scorched and scarred in me but the romance of life has not burnt out nor the glory of living been extinguished. I may keep this boy heart of mine, with tears for the tragic, love for the beautiful, laughter at folly, and silent, reverent contemplation of the common and everyday mysteries.

The passing processions of faces bring me much. No day passes but I meet a man in whose eyes are the shadow and flash of heroism. Hardly a day goes by but I meet a woman on whose brow is a story of tragedy deeper than tears, facing the world with a smile.

I have never been in such hard luck that I could not smile at myself in reproach as I thought of the man who fell down one of these elevator shafts. It was a nice story



building. He was going head first and as he passed each floor, he called out, "All right so far!"

I am an idealist. I don't know where I'm going but I'm on the way.

#### The Pursuit of Happiness.

The Powers Eternal have not put the world into the keeping of any one person. Responsibilities are often less than we think. The world was not made to be understood, to be analyzed into its last component parts. The world was made for the pursuit of happiness, and so long as you are in pursuit you are happy. There are other things the world was made for, such as fellowship, beauty, love, religion, but to try to understand and explain the whole scheme of life, mortal and immortal, is to fag the imagination uselessly. Let us be careless rather than solemn. We have heard of Atlas, that myth of antiquity carrying the world on his shoulders, and we know one Atlas to be enough.

#### Dreamers.

The debt of the world to its dreamers is beyond computation. That power whom some call God and whom some call Evolution, works the surprises and momentous developments of history through men of imagination, dreamers. No man is more startling in action than a dreamer. Through the centuries, the dramatic maneuverings of dreamers have held the world's eye and shaped its changing civilizations. All creations of man,

be they machines, statues, poems or political movements, were at one time mere ideas, dreams and deep longings, having no form outside the brains that conceived them. To the restlessness and forever active recuperative powers of the "seers of visions" is due the world's advance.

#### Out of Doors.

Freedom is found, if anywhere, in the great out-door world of wild breezes and sunshine and sky. To get out into the daylight and fill your lungs with pure air, to stop and watch a spear of grass swaying in the wind, to give a smile daily at the wonder and mystery of shifting light and changing shadow, is to get close to the source of power. Out under the wide dome, amid night odors and silences, you get your size, and breathe, feel, think, and live. Careless winds blow in your face and your eye is keen for things homely and beautiful near by. Stars look at you through tangled tree tops. The rattle of a distant wagon is like subdued laughter. You get a new hold on your own particular problems and the ghosts of despair are put out of business.

#### Impressions.

I am a child of God, a sacred, wayward beautiful child of the infinite born into the finite. I am a man and nothing that is human is alien to me. There are ten men in me and I do not know or understand one of them. I have partaken of sin and mingled in folly,



and I have risen out of them, shaken them from me as dust of travel, and gone on wiser and better. I am part of a glittering, dusky pageant moving from eternity to eternity, deathless as air and cryptic as mist. I used to worry about death and the battlements of eternity but now I leave these things to God for it seems to me that God knows his business.



To express it in symbols, it is this way. Yesterday is an empty skull with hollow sockets and shriveled lips and ghastly grins of despair and regret. To-day is a little girl with quick feet and red lips and careless wind-blown hair and eyes that flash and lure with the lights of childhood and morning and all that is fresh and fair and lasting. I believe in youth.



This is one of the chief glories of life, that forever we pass from change to change. Men and nations and philosophies die and crumble and are blown away on the winds of time. Even civilizations are tagged by Nature as "perishable goods." Never again will the winds blow that blew yesterday, never again will the sun rise as it did this morning. To the souls who see, surprise follows surprise to the ends of the earth and the gates of death. Egotism.

I want the respect of intelligent men but I will choose for myself the intelligent. I love

art but I decide for myself what is art. I adore beauty but only my own soul shall tell me what is beauty. I worship God but I define and describe God for myself. I am an individual. The pleasure of my own heart shall be first to inform me when I have done good work.

And out of the pleasure and pride I find in this, I am led into reverence for you, and the promptings of your heart are sacred to me. I see that what is great and divine in me is great and divine in you. What I ask for myself I want you to have on the same terms. We are made of the same stuff. We are going the same way.

from an Old Note-book.

A wise man has no more idea where he got his wisdom than a fool where he got his folly. It is as easy for a great man to do a great work as for a small man to do a small work. The wild panther of the jungle brings down a deer twice his size as easily as the household cat kills a mouse.



When we get the thing we want, we find it is not what we thought it was. Thus does life lead man from illusion to illusion till he sees use and purpose in death and defeat and darkness.



Sincerity is preferable to popularity because it never withers.



Non-committal men play for popularity and follow the mob. Decisive men speak and lead the mob. A false prophet is superior to a Sphinx in that he made a try at it. Anybody can be a Sphinx, but to be even a false prophet you have to say what you think.

\*\*\*

To impose on others what you prefer is to impugn the sanctity of the other's preferences.

\*\*\*

What are good clothes? You wear good clothes when you are not bothered about what you have on. The serene are always well dressed.

\*\*\*

What is shame? Shame is the feeling you have when you agree with the woman who loves you that you are the man she thinks you are.

\*\*\*

What is prudery? Prudery is a point of view. It is wise as hell and you can smell its benevolence.

Whimsicalities.

Sometimes when fate kicks us and we finally land and look around, we find we have been kicked upstairs!

\*\*\*

Dear God, when you distribute the gifts of life, please remember that I would rather sit in the gallery with perception and ability

12

to appreciate than to sit in the dress circle fat and unimpressible.

\*\*\*

I love Mother Earth with an affection surpassing that for our Father who art in Heaven. Mother Earth is near and in touch. Our Father who art in heaven is far away.

\*\*\*

We did not know that Satan was a heron until Milton wrote Paradise Lost. The world always likes an underdog who puts up a good fight and the pluck and audacity of Beelzebub in hell has been a greater inspiration to men than the arrogance of Jehovah higher up.

\*\*\*

Truth consists of paradoxes and a paradox is two facts that stand on opposite hilltops and across the intervening valley call each other liars.

\*\*\*

Let us bar all dead issues. The question of whether the soul is round or oblong has been settled.

\*\*\*

Hell has become a figure of speech. As a geographical locality, it is meaningless. To tell a man to go to hell is merely a brief and direct way of saying, "I'm sorry but you and I have nothing in common. Good-day."

Opinions.

The problems of today are not the prob-

13



lems of fifty or a hundred years ago. They cannot be solved by the counsel of those who lived fifty or a hundred years ago. I beg of you, do not allow dead men to do your thinking for you.



If the working people knew the platitudes of politics as they know the intricacies of base-ball, the kingdom of heaven would fall through the sky and settle palpably on the earth like a vast air-ship.



The game of politics is as simple as a game of base-ball but until the people use their brains, we shall never have a race of great men and women.



Superstition is an expert at disguise. Mammon, the Golden Calf, the divinity of kings, success, the power of the dollar, are the same thing in varied whiskers. Before each of these, men have flung themselves in fanaticism and prayer. A dollar to-day is often as cruel and outrageous in what it gets men to do as was ever a despot of Europe or Asia.

Poiser.

We talk about blood and sweat and tears, but we are all quite sure that great actions, to those who perform them, are only play. When the terrors and cares of war sat heavily on the heart of Abraham Lincoln, he relieved himself by telling a funny story.

When John Brown was on his way to the gallows, he paused to give a smile and a kiss to a little girl. When Napoleon walked out before the platoons of soldiers who were under orders to shoot him, he said to them in a calm voice, "You may assassinate me, but you cannot frighten me."

The men who do the great things that astonish the world and work changes in its business and art and politics, are generally quiet and sure and often rather careless and easy in their ways. They do not fumble, stutter, nor apologize. They know that in the long march of humanity up from the dusk of the jungle into the wider lights of civilization, one man amounts to very little.

Finer and higher than anything else in human conduct is poise. He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city. It does not come by magic nor purchase nor inheritance. It comes from work, sleep, and digestion, and it follows on laughter and love and good-will and belief.

Conquer the kingdom under your own hat and all the world shall be yours and look good to you. Even so.

Action.

Hug your hopes and love your illusions when they come, and when they go let them go, for new ones will take their places. If any man ask thee to listen unto him, listen and then do as you please.

Eat what you need, breathe deep, walk much, worship what your own heart tells you,



and if you want to cry or swear, go ahead. The way to wisdom is by action. You will never know till you make a stagger at it.

And remember this: take nothing as final, neither money, nor death, nor popularity. The high gods love the prudent and timid but they love still more the undaunted and happy who push out and sail on and take what comes as the best that ever happened.

fear.

The great bogey that has stalked through the world and put its finger marks of shame and degradation on countless faces, starving and stultifying their lives, is that spectral thing we call fear. A deal of truth is in that old story of a phantom flying along a road in Greece. A countryman asked it where it was going and the answer it made was, "I am the spirit of the plague. I come from Athens. Ten thousand are dead there. I slew one thousand. Terror slew the rest."

Silence.

The victories of speech have been many, but the victories of silence have been more. The man of silence is the man of power. Manly comrades may help; good women may inspire; science, business, music, art, all may give their impulses sending you this way or that. All these are concerned with utterance and expression and are good and beautiful and important. But to be an individual, more than a smiling marionette pulled on the

16

strings of what this person or that thinks of you, you will have to absorb all these surrounding things and transform them in the quiet, persistent workings of your own heart and brain.

fallure.

Freedom is always beyond. Desire and care and responsibility load us down, and liberty, rest and leisure fly their banners from the granite bastions of tomorrow or week after next.

The glory of life is that we never get anywhere. We are always going somewhere. Life is unrest, a perpetual reaching out and passing on. When you are satisfied, you die. When you have got what you want, it is you for the undertaker.

We grow and go upwards on ladders of error and folly. Back of every mistaken venture and defeat is the laughter of wisdom, if you listen. Every blunder behind us is giving a cheer for us, and only for those who are willing to fail are the dangers and splendors of life. To be a good loser is to learn how to win.

Consolations.

I want to do the right thing, but often I don't know just what the right thing is. I am making mistakes and expect to make more. Every day I know I have bungled and blundered and come short of what I would like to have done. Yet as the years pass on and

17



I see the very world itself, with its oceans and mountains and plains as something unfinished, a peculiar little satisfaction hunts out the corners of my heart. Sunsets and evening shadows find me regretful at tasks undone, but sleep and the dawn and the air of the morning touch me with freshening hopes. Strange things blow in through my window on the wings of the night-wind and I don't worry about my destiny.

The Man and the Mass.

One man is of tremendous importance to himself. He may look in the mirror and contemplate himself as an epitome of the whole human race. He may gaze on his own photograph and murmur with perfect truth, "Locked up within this skull and diaphragm are the stories and glories of all mankind. I am cosmos. Caesar wiggled his big toe by the same kind of a muscle I use. My flexor longus hallicus is a replica of Napoleon's. The layers of my brain convolve on the same plan as they did in Plato or Shakespeare."

Yes; one man is very important to himself. But there is no man so big or profound or subtle but that the earth swings on after his death and mankind continues to produce and reproduce captains, kings and warriors, poets dreamers, sages. The cosmic forces like their job, and they are not likely to give the world a man that can seriously disturb its equilibrium. The little Corsican, who made all Europe stand up and sit down at his beckoning, once said, "Nor you nor I is important. After my

death the world will go on as before."

Any widespread or significant advance of humanity comes by and through great masses of people. To himself and a few loved ones, man is much. To the world in general, on the long routes of progress, one man is nothing. P-ff! and he is gone.

Agitation.

Bombs and brick-bats and broken skulls won't help any cause. The use of dynamite is a new savagery. It is brute passion striking it knows not where, blindly hunting revenge. It is snarl and fang aided by chemistry. It is the old way of tooth and claw re-organized into finer and more rapid yet equally foolish and tragic violence.

Books and pamphlets and speeches are the methods of civilization. Let us spill more ink and less blood! The campaign of education is on. If you have not read the plat-forms of all the political parties, you are an enemy of the people — you do not know how to vote. Agitation, discussion, experiment — thus shall we be led out of bondage. Were I a sculptor carving a figure to symbolize the power of print and speech, it would be a stately goddess with her lips parted in plea and utterance. On the pedestal, I would inscribe, "I will be the Word of the People. Mine is the bleeding mouth from which the gag is snatched. I will say everything!"

The Cry of the Masses.

The great body of people is better off to-



day than it ever was. Books, music, pictures, travel, more people are enjoying these things than ever before. The Roman patrician and the feudal baron were lacking thousands of advantages to be had to-day for pennies and dimes.

The food and clothes and houses of the masses of the people are better to-day than ever. Then why this discontent, why these rumblings, mutterings, and threats you hear from the world below? Why strikes and boycotts and pamphlets and street-corner clamor? Because man has never gotten anything without discontent and revolt. Because man is born to rebellion.

Every man who works, whether with hand or brain, is a rebel. He may work calmly but he is dissatisfied with things as they are, and his work is intended to transform, produce, distribute, change things. Only dead men are satisfied. Live men are rebels, at work changing things from the old to the new.

Never were the masses so alive and intelligent as they are to-day. The common people want better houses, better food, better clothes. They want pictures, music, books, leisure. Man does not live by bread alone. He has a soul. This soul imperiously asks to be fed. It wants art, beauty, harmony. For sweet sounds and forms of beauty and things that caress the eye and thrill the touch, it asks and demands.

The people who are without these things are asking for them. Those who have them in degree are asking for more. Patient as

the stars and unwearied as the earth, they know what they want. Always and forever the cry has been for more and more and more. Up from the huts and hovels and more and more dragged shanties comes the cry for more.

Let us feed our souls! For Christ's sake, let us feed our souls! is the cry.

### The Glory of War.

Century after century the best blood of the race has been spilled for the glory of war. On the altar of war has been laid the craftiest brain and bravest heart of mankind. The old, the weak, the worn-out, the cowardly, have stayed at home,—their children people the earth today.

The material wealth of the world is recreated about every two years. A city laid in ashes may rise in a year more beautiful than before. But physical stamina and mental fiber and moral courage can be evolved only through generations of training and exertion.

War has killed fourteen million men in the "enlightened" nineteenth century.

So long as war takes the strongest men and kills them off childless, so long will the earth continue to nourish a race of scrubs and punts.

### Literary Item.

Eight thousand new books are published yearly in America. Authors are everywhere, next door, across the street and around the corner. So be careful how you speak of a man so rash as to write a book. He may be within hearing and stung by your unkind remark.



### Epigrams.

To lose love is often a comedy, but to lose the power to love is always a tragedy.

A man of daring and impulse is compelled to divide men into two classes: those who swear by him and those who swear at him.

### Behind the Bars.

At Stillwater, Minnesota, is one of those harboring places called a penitentiary, and generally devoted to the cause of education in crime. Here is published a weekly paper called *The Mirror*, reflecting the ideas of those who have registered and been assigned rooms in the place. This paper has more purpose and wisdom than most of the periodicals edited and written by free men, or rather men who call themselves free. One of its departments is written by Anglicus, as he signs himself. Anglicus has wit, humor, insight, imagination and a world of experience and knowledge. His work discloses sensibility and attainment, a thinking, feeling soul.

I don't know what you're in for, Anglicus. Maybe you have blown up safes in your day. Maybe you once made a quick get-away with funds put in your hands for keeping. Maybe with hot head and quick anger, you pulled a trigger on a man and put an end to the pulsings of his heart. I don't know and I don't particularly care. Whatever you did, you know why and you know whether you would do it again. If it was worth regret you have in silent hours known the pangs of sorrow over and over again.

There was a woman in the case whom you loved and for whom you shed blood or embezzled or did larceny. Her face and form have stirred your memory a thousand times. Whether you have had to rouse yourself and call into play your noblest faculties to restrain your desire to curse her treachery and pride, or whether she has been the inspiration and glory of your solitude, her lips and eyes and hands the redeeming memory of your toil and dreary, monotonous hours, this too, I do not know or particularly care.

For you, Anglicus, are a man of thought. Disaster nor disgrace can not mar nor soil the stuff of your soul. Shame is for him who thinks shame. Superiority and inferiority are the conditions of the mind. The men on the walls with rifles and the guides who point you out to the visitors, are slaves to things that never enter your brain. You are more free than men on the outside whose brains are houses of superstition where vanities lurk, fears oppress, and bigotries sway. You think! Badges of "disgrace," iron bars and stone walls cannot shut out the children of the imagination, and beautiful thoughts may run to and fro in your mind.

When you've done your time, Anglicus, we ought to get together and have a talk. We might discuss that rhyme of Robert Louis Stevenson:

The world is so full of a number of things,  
I am sure we should all be as happy as kings.



## The Right to be Lazy.

When all has been said on the gospel of work, when the last word has been uttered on the importance of toil, some great things remain to be said of leisure. "One year of downright indolence is a requisite of a liberal education," says a European pedagog. A man whose life has not had play in it, looks at the world with eyes of distress and suspicion. He has lost something. The joy of life has passed him by and the muse of happy, care-free days has never kissed his furrowed brow of irk and fret.

The spirit of pure laughter, the purpose of music, the sense of comradeship, the love of the sublime, are properties owned by those who can on occasion stretch their limbs, yawn, dabble in stupidity, play the fool and practise the divine art of loafing. The "conqueror", "the man of destiny", is always a loafer—he lies low and awaits the right moment. The chief trait of "the man on horseback" is repose.

Lie on your back in the grass and listen to the wind in the tree tops and let the world go by! By the sweat of his brow should each man earn his bread, and that done, please himself in the exercise of the human right to be lazy. We get wisdom through blunders and hard work and doing nothing.

## Taking Chances.

It seems to me as though the man who wins in a big way is the man who is willing to take a chance. Look at it in any line of

work you please, in art, religion, business, or any other place of human effort, it is by getting away from known shores and sailing toward undiscovered countries and across uncharted seas, that men find new things that mean power or honor or love. It is the trick of fixing the mind on one thing as more important than anything else in the world. Sometimes we call it consecration and sometimes abandon but it always consists in something that no man had before attempted and attained.

The Marshall Field store in Chicago is the best equipped and most beautiful merchandising establishment in the world. When the plan of it was first put into operation, it was a venture and a gamble with no precedent to guide it.

Richard Mansfield, shabby and hungry, walks the streets of London, living on hot potatoes bought from peddlers. He can go back, if he chooses to a home of comfort and luxury. But he has laid a wager with fate that he will be the world's greatest actor. And after the years have passed as the years will, fate tells him, "You win".

Alexander at Arbela hurling his phalanx at the Persian centre, Caesar crossing the Rubicon, Patrick Henry committing treason by the words of his mouth, George Washington throwing his fortunes with disreputable Whigs, Herbert Spencer in a third-rate London boarding house setting to work on his synthetic philosophy, the exiles Marx and Wagner and Hugo and Heine, they are all in-



stances of abandon, consecration. They were taking chances.

Genius performs the impossible. A great work is an absurdity till done. To pit your judgement against the world and try to do something never done before, is to run a tremendous risk of being counted out as a fool and a failure.

Never will a man do great things, never will a man stand likely to perform a signal, remarkable achievement, till he has become infatuated with one idea, till he is swept with overwhelming enthusiasm into one sublime idea. He declares, "So help me God! I cannot do otherwise. By this cause I will live and for this cause I am willing to be a loser and die unwept and unsung!" This is the litany of getting things done.

#### The Great Man.

The great man, the rare, strange, splendid individual who gives the world some great thought, some great action, something of use, beauty or inspiration, comes up from the mob, springs from the vast mass of nameless, unknown individuals. The point I wish to make is this: the finer, healthier, brainier and stronger you can make the mob, the mass of men, the greater number of extraordinarily useful and sublime individuals you will produce.

What is a Gentleman?

A gentleman puts you at ease, as an equal. He does not grumble, fuss, nor explode. He

adapts himself to his company. Slang he may use and strange stories he may tell—it depends on time, place and people. His demeanor changes with situations, but he is known by this sign: he embarrasses no one. To you he may say he is undergoing vicissitudes; to me he may say he is up against it. With you he may talk and with me indulge in conversation. He is at home with jockeys or bishops, floor-walkers or proprietors. His complexion may be railroad-red and his feet not mates, but children and women and intelligent men like him. To be a gentleman requires not so much appearance as spirit. If you have the right mental attitude, it doesn't matter what clothes you wear. Soul convinces. Heart answers unto heart.

#### Applause:

Impetuosity, dash, daring, audacity, has been a factor in every remarkable advance of art, science, or politics. But no great lasting triumph has been accomplished without that ardor whose movement was steady and imperturbable, using the dramatic quality that elicits applause as a means and not as an end.

#### To You.

I love you for what you are but I love you yet more for what you are going to be. I love you not so much for your realities as for your ideals. I pray for your desires as for they may be great, rather than your satisfactions which may be so hazardously little. A satisfied flower is one whose petals are about



to fall. The most beautiful rose is hardly more than a bud wherein the pangs and ecstasies of desire are working for larger growth. Not always shall you be what you are now. You are going forward toward something great. I am on the way with you.

#### Prayer for Everyday.

O Thou great Spirit of Truth! whose filaments pervade and interfuse all things, Thou whose energy vibrates in passing trolley car and far-swung planet, Thou art neither of the East nor West nor North nor South. Thou art here and everywhere, in all times and all places.

The hot-house rose belongs 'to Thee and the back-yard cabbage is also Thine. From Thy hands came the blue-bottle flies that buzz on the window pane and by Thy hands took shape sun, moon, star, and worlds that throb and glow in measureless space. Thou art in the pulsations of our brains and the desires of our hearts. Across and through the whole scheme of things as they are, Thy plan and law is at work. For the simple and common things around us, like sunlight and dew and rain and voices and faces, we are thankful.

To Thee belong all the children of men. Give them faith and simplicity in their dealings with each other. Grant that they look on each other as comrades, ready for laughter and love and work and good-will and belief. Amen.

# The SANDBURG LECTURES.



## SUBJECTS:

Civilization and the Mob.  
The Poet of Democracy: Walt Whitman.  
Bernard Shaw: Artist and Fool.



## ADDRESS

The Asgard Press:

Galesburg, Illinois.



# The PLANT OF A ROSE

By Charles Sandburg.

10 Pages. Strathmore Deckle Edge Paper.

Price 50 cents.



The tenderest and most beautiful of all the tender and beautiful things Charles Sandburg has written.

LOU BEAUCHAMP.

He gives us brutal materialism interwoven with lofty and glowing idealism. A slender story, wonderfully interwoven with science and sentiment — the best Sandburg has done and that is saying much.

RUBE BOROUGH.



The Asgard Press,

Galesburg, Ill.

30

31

# The DREAMER

A Series of Dramatic Monologues by  
PHILIP GREEN WRIGHT

53 pages, Alexandra linen finish paper, Price \$1.00

To understand is to forgive, and to forgive—well, it reconciles  
one to life.

Many there are in these days who fear the Capitalist, the Socialist, the great, brutal, outclassed herd, but what if through the pages of a book you seem to hear from the lips of each of these types the apology for his life, what if you seem to see him living, expanding, functioning in the one life possible to him—then you begin to understand, almost to exult in the big ferment of which you too are a center of force.

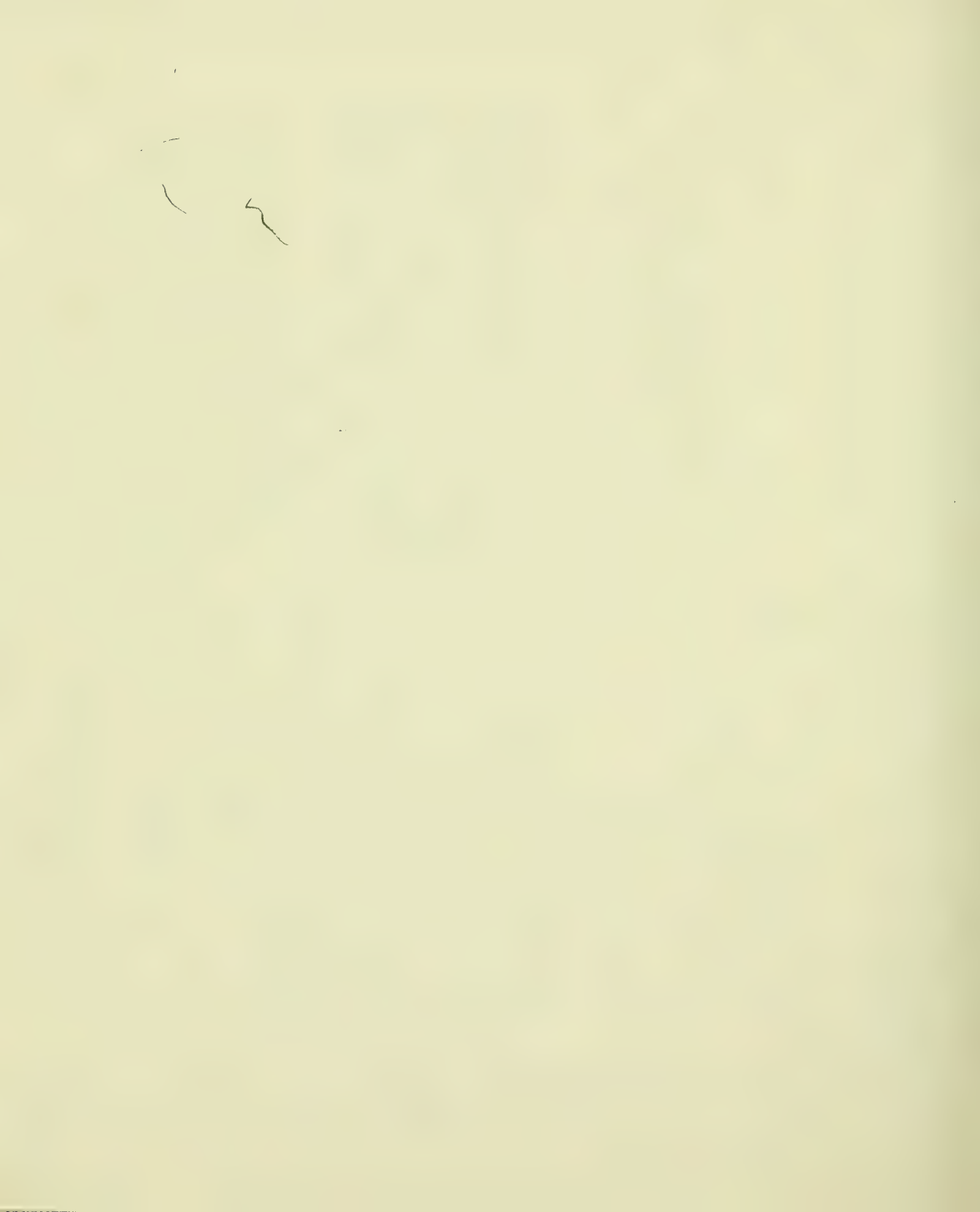
Charles Sandburg says of "The Dreamer:"

"Here is a book that contains genuine and vital literature. It has life, thought, emotion—the urge and sweep of intense life in a world of living men and women.

One feels in reading this book that it has not been hastily dashed off and rushed into print. The ideas are worked out naturally and spontaneously, yet over them all is the imprint of love and care and consideration. They have the precision and subtlety of classics, and the wonder that comes to you as you read is that anything so precise and subtle can at the same time be so direct and flowing and simple."

THE ASGARD PRESS:

GALESBURG, ILL.



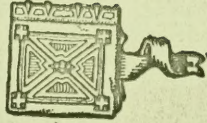
# The Asgard Press

GALESBURG, ILLINOIS.



We printed this little booklet for Charles Sandburg: and little booklets like this, unique, different—something in which we can enter into sympathetic relations with the author—something in which author and printer can cooperate to produce a setting harmonious with the thought—this is the kind of work in which we take a real artistic satisfaction.

Suppose you let us look at your manuscript and submit our ideas and an estimate.



Kunst im Kleinsten.

We may pull apart  
the petals of a rose,  
or make a chemical  
analysis of its pre-  
furns, but the mystic  
beauty of its form  
and odor is still a  
secret, locked in to  
where we have no  
keys. 33





